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The Duke of York
FREDERICK DUKE OF YORK.
1704-1807.

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THE
SOLDIER'S FRIEND;

OR,

Memorials of Brunswick;

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK,

DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF ALL
HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

BY THOMAS EASTOE ABBOTT.

“ They that were unknown to him will lament his loss.”

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TO

MAJOR-GENERAL THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GODFREY LORD MACDONALD,

OF ARMADALE CASTLE, ISLE OF SKY, NORTH BRITAIN,
AND THORPE HALL, YORKSHIRE;

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE EAST
RIDING OF THE COUNTY OF YORK;

THIS FEEBLE EFFORT TO COMMEMORATE THE PUBLIC SERVICES AND
PHILANTHROPIC EXERTIONS OF

FIELD MARSHAL, HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY,

EARL OF ULSTER, IN IRELAND, BISHOP OF OSNABURGH,

&c. &c. &c.

IS, WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED,

AND MOST DEVOTED HUMBLE SERVANT,

THOMAS EASTOE ABBOTT.

PREFACE.

WHEN I behold the list of Subscribers to this imperfect Essay, I am led with gratitude to acknowledge the honour and encouragement conferred on its incompetent author. The publication of the work having been postponed longer than is usual for small occasional productions, I beg to explain, that a desire to blend as much authentic information with my subject as possible, together with the hindrances occasioned by the numerous official duties in which I am engaged, unavoidably led to repeated delay; in addition to which, my residence being thirty miles from the place of printing, was a further obstruction, and in some degree an impediment to correction and accuracy.

I have also laboured under considerable disadvantage in there being no public library in the vicinity of Bridlington, which is so essentially necessary in making references, particularly on historical subjects. I trust, therefore, that these and other apparent disabilities, will have their due influence in shielding me from the strict and rigid criticism of my readers.

Through the kindness of Sir HERBERT TAYLOR, the Military Secretary, and the Rev. Dr. DAKINS, Chaplain and Librarian to his late Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK, I have been favoured with the particulars contained in Note 11, relative to the Public Charities patronized by their venerated Master; and I have selected the paragraph marked by inverted commas, in the above note, from a Funeral Sermon preached by Dr. DAKINS, before His Majesty's second regiment of Life Guards, at the Cavalry Barracks, Hyde Park, and at Westminster Abbey. To S. G. LAWRENCE, Esq.

of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, I am chiefly indebted for the substance of Note 19; and to Captain MACDONALD, of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, for the copious description of that noble institution.

Those who had long the honour and happiness of His Royal Highness's personal confidence, can well testify the integrity of his principles and the humane feelings of his heart. His long public labours, connected with an important era of our national history, have been duly estimated by general and practical observation; as a proof of which, the various Funeral Sermons preached, on the occasion of his death, by several of the most popular Ministers of different Christian Churches, in France as well as in Great Britain, will afford the historian of future years the most ample materials to illustrate his improving genius and renovating discipline;—and I beg to conclude this address with the following passage from a

Sermon, preached by the Rev. JOHN GRAHAM,
Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, before
that University, January 21, 1827 :—

“ The course of war and the career of arms afford no congenial theme for a Minister of the gospel of peace. Yet, if it be natural for us to feel an honest pride in the still recent laurels that our countrymen have so nobly gained in the cause of liberty and justice ; if it be a source of triumph, to feel that our military fame and strength secure us against all danger, or, at least, against all dread of foreign hostility ; if we delight to witness, in the higher ranks of the British Army, that elevated sense of honour, which, though it may not make ambition virtue, yet softens all the horrors and ferocity of war ;—if, lastly, we behold with pleasure a provision made for the time-worn soldier, or for the tender orphans of those who have fallen in their country's service ; then let a Nation's gratitude follow the lamented individual, under whose auspices and exertions this picture has been so fully realized.”

THOMAS EASTOE ABBOTT.

BRIDLINGTON, June, 1828.

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ERRATA.

- Page 5, line 2, *for route read rout.*
— 13, — 12, *for reg'ment read legion.*
— —, — 17, *for concentres read concentre.*
— 17, — 4, *for affliction read misfortunc.*
— 23, — 2, *for soaring read anxious.*
— 26, — 15, *for snap the read sever.*
— 33, — 14, *for conqu'ror's read victor's.*
— 48, — 13, *for in read into.*
— 51, — 25, *for Picadilly read Piccadilly.*
— 64, — 16, *for fewer read few.*
— 64, last line, *for quarters read quarter.*

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

SECTION I.

THE ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION.—The death of great Princes a national warning.— Domestic happiness of George III. and his Family,—Death of the Princess Amelia, Princess Charlotte, Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, H. R. H. the Duke of Kent.—Death of George III., H. R. H. Duchess of York; the Duke of York.—Grief of His Majesty.—The Duke's funeral Honours, and a brief epitome of his character.

CENSORS of genius, bards of letter'd fame!

O deign to spare this self ignited flame.

Say, in the silence of exalted lays,

Shall simple gratitude restrain its praise?

Tho' nurs'd in barren aspect, drear and chill,

Unblest by sunny ray and purling rill,—

Nor Cam nor Isis dew'd his cheerless morn,

Nor Ossian flow'ret deck'd his op'ning horn;

May one, ungraced by Fortune's shining store,
Record illustrious worth in humblest lore;
Presume to supplicate your gracious ear,
And blend with England's grief one artless tear?
'Tis not a chaplet he aspires to weave,
A wreath which classic bards might ne'er achieve;
'Tis not a medal, whose unequal'd face
Reflects the artist's with the hero's grace:
No, a poor minstrel, see him suppliant stand;
One silken cord equips his trembling hand;
To bind the laurel round the warrior's crest,
Or gird th' insignia on his Prince's breast.
Ah, who shall picture, in heroic lay,
Th' exalted theme of his resplendent ray?
Who shall his praiseless estimate define,
And trace his lineaments with just design?
Or who, presuming with a finite hand,
Shall indicate the depth of God's command?
Whose dispensations, infinite and wise,
Himself elucidates and justifies.

Yes, the deep purposes of heav'n are laid
In the vast ocean of unfathom'd shade.
'Tis not collective arms that vict'ries gain ;
Defeat consists not in her thousands slain ;
The fleetest coursers lose the envied race,
And proud philosophy her empty graec ;
For clouds of myst'ry veil presumption's sight,
And all's opaque, uncheer'd by heav'nly light.

Attend, O Britons ! mark th' important cause,
When valued Princes sink by nature's laws ;
Now Wisdom's voice proclaims that awful doom,
Which clothes your island in afflictive gloom.
“Hear, O ye kingdoms! fam'd for wealth and
 might;
“From northern shade to Sol's meridian height :
“Ye isles, distinguish'd by peculiar charms,
“Secure in ocean's vast extended arms ;
“Ye, whom inferior pryncedoms, matchless, own,—
“Cheer'd by your smile, or daunted at your frown,—

"Ye, who have framed the world's reviving
 laws,
 "Defining right and wrong, effect and cause:
 "Exalting nations barb'rous and forlorn,
 "To social joys and life's eternal morn!
 "Be still and humble, know that I AM GOD!
 "My realm unknown, omnipotent my rod!"
 Thus Israel's Psalmist sang in olden day;
 And thus, in strains of mercy's mildest lay,
 As death's approach our drooping hearts appals,
 On Britain's ear the solemn warning falls.

Few royal seats such mutual comfort knew ⁽¹⁾
 As reign'd at Buckingham, and beam'd at Kew;
 No cottage hearth, remote from pow'r and wealth,
 Had fairer claims to harmony and health;
 No crowned heads a richer jewel wore,
 In years of Roman boast, or days of yore,
 Than George and Charlotte in domestic guise,
 Who dwelt on earth as inmates of the skies.

But here, that agent of eternal might,
Equipp'd for sorrow's route and nature's fight,
With quiver stor'd, advanc'd his ebon crest,
And bent his fatal bow at Brunswick's breast;
As infant Alfred and Octavius fled (2)
From England's King to heav'nly Salem's head.
In riper years, health's morn beclouded fast;
Amelia, felt the keen consumptive blast.
Amelia glowing with angelic fire,
Caress'd and sooth'd by her enlighten'd sire;
Whose constant vigils, in her dying hours,
Confirm'd and cheer'd her intellectual powers.
Behold, ye fair, religion's sacred gleam,—
Life's current ebbing its exhausted stream;
See duty soaring, in white robes array'd,
And o'er the wreck of Time Hope's bark display'd.
With filial heart, and soul of heavenly grace,
She press'd her parent in his child's embrace;
Her feeble hand with dutcous purpose nerv'd,
(That ne'er from virtue or affection swerv'd,)

Her hand conferr'd, aye, more than worlds bestow,
Or crowns and sceptres beam on Kings below.
But, Oh ! she knew not his afflicted mind
Could ill encounter with a pledge so kind.
No brilliant like that precious ringlet beam'd,—
His waning eye with thrilling transport teem'd ;
His soul dissolv'd in mental extacy ;—
He heard Amelia's prayer—"Remember me !" ⁽³⁾

Then, fair Augusta fell, in life's full bloom ; ⁽⁴⁾
And countless myriads mourn'd her early tomb ;
That double vault which held her infant boy,—
Enshrining England's hope with Coburg's joy !
Next Royal Charlotte, Queen of virtues light, ⁽⁵⁾
In Time's gradation, wing'd her heav'n-ward
flight.

The happy consort of a gracious King,—
Her bridal years flow'd on triumphant wing ;
Her palace shone the seat of social joy ;
Maternal duties form'd her choice employ ;

Refinement gracing, in its chaste domain,
Her courtly circle and domestic train.
Now terror's chief his iron march pursu'd,
And with unyielding arm each stroke renew'd.
Soon pious Edward bow'd to health's stern foe, ⁽⁶⁾
And Truth and Freedom wail'd the sudden blow
That reft our hearts, but seal'd his just renown,
And crown'd him with an everlasting crown!
In him, philanthropy a champion found,—
He rais'd the needy on Instruction's mound;
His cheerful energies of kindness blend
The soldier's model and the christian's friend.
But scarce had England wept his passing bell,
When faithful George in death's embraces fell; ⁽⁷⁾
And four short days, in mournful transit, wheel'd
The Prince's plume and Monarch's funeral
shield.
Thus Time and Death revolv'd round England's
throne,
And Brunswick's worthies liv'd in Britain's moan.

Belov'd and dignified, Ulrica's name ⁽⁸⁾
Adorn'd the record of undying fame.
From Prussia's court, bestow'd on Albion's Isle,
She claim'd our favour with benignant smile ;
Her life display'd around her palace door
One ceaseless concourse of exulting poor ;
And Oatland's cottagers shall long retrace
Her days of charity and christian grace :
For solid grief lamented o'er her bier,
And fadeless roses shed their fragrance there.
Again the pulpit warns our heedless age,—
Again the press displays its sable page ;
Another branch the Georgian tree resigns,
And round her drooping flag the willow twines.
Behold our King immured in sorrow's night ! ⁽⁹⁾
His Royal House their mutual griefs unite ;
For love fraternal blooms in Britain's court,
Of blandest sympathies the blest resort.
Let courage wail, 'tis Frederick's knell she hears ;
The tears of Brunswick are a nation's tears ;

The soldier's friend, the hapless orphan's sire, ⁽¹⁰⁾
No longer binds the wound nor braves the battle's
fire.

Presumptive heir to Britain's triple realm,—
With potent arm to guide so vast a helm ;
To him our hopes in common prospect cleav'd,
Had Heav'n our land of sov'reign aid bereav'd.
But Death, that dreadful victor of mankind,
In awful embassy by Heav'n design'd,
Assaileth man at each and ev'ry age ;
The silent chamber, and the battle's rage,
The sunburnt desert and the rocky shore,
Describe the reign of his unconquer'd pow'r.
St. James's, once the fount of health and joy,
Where balls and levees roll'd their gay employ ;
Where councils ponder'd and where banquets shone,
Superb in rank and elegant in tone ;
Now veils its canopies with dark attire ;
Displays a levee throug'd with keen desire ;

But 'tis the court of death's relentless sway,—
His robes surmounted with obsequious ray ;
His arms emblazon'd for the mould'ring tomb,
And all his grandeur stamp'd with mortal gloom.
Yon cavalcade in solemn march displays,
The last sad honours of terrestrial days ;
The handless truncheon and th' inverted spear,
In marshall'd pomp denote the warrior's bier.
August they move, as crowds on crowds collect,
Impell'd by sympathy and high respect ;
Ah, slow they move, inwrap't in sorrow's weeds,
When death's dark cemet'ry their route impedes !
There ends alike the chequer'd race of man,
The Prince's climax and the peasant's span ;
There, in sepulchral silence, rests the brave ;
Affection, rev'rence, worth, surround his grave ;
There Peers and Princes Frederick's urn entomb,—
And there his trophied bays unceasing bloom !
If royal virtues may immortal prove ;
If honest feeling claims a nation's love ;

If courage glows, if Charity has charms ; ⁽¹¹⁾
And love of truth, Truth's enemies disarms ;
Those sacred elements adorn'd his mind,
Command our homage, and our plaudits bind.
His valued service by experience rose,
And forty years his growing worth disclose ; ⁽¹²⁾
Of faithful ardour and official zeal,
In England's glory, and her soldiers' weal.
Humane and prompt through life's eventful race,
The meanest suppliant shared his princely grace ;
Nor did disdain its chilling aspect low'r,
Induced by arrogance, or rank, or pow'r.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

SECTION II.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE eminent character of the British forces,—Utility of science in military tactics.—The responsibility of Commanders.—Assiduity of H. R. H. the Duke of York in improving the discipline and general condition of the Army.—His humane attention on the Expeditions to Holland.—His impartial conduct in rewarding meritorious Officers.—The Royal Asylum at Chelsea.—The Royal Military College at Sandhurst.—Reflections on War; the noble and compassionate character of British Soldiers,—On duelling; the magnanimity of the Duke—His example in circulating the Holy Scriptures in the Army.—True Honour.—The superior advantages of his education, under the inspection of his Royal Father.—Summary of the important character and reign of George III.

IN Hist'ry's roll a lasting imprint stands,
Of feats achiev'd by Britain's warlike bands;
Of strength attain'd by brave and vast designs,
And rule from Order's inexhausted mines.

Like starry hosts in Heav'n's sublime array,
In spangled armour deck'd with orient day;
With solid van that damps the foe's sight,
And countless rear that mocks the coming
fight :

Whilst guarded out-posts stores and succour
yield,—

See Albion's forces stud th' expansive field.

Yet frail are numbers, weak the treble rank,

If science moves not in the mighty flank ;

Order, the column's strength, its front and rear,

That friend of enterprize and foe to fear,

By which the Marshal lack of troops supplies ;

Before a squadron, lo! a reg'ment flies ;

Beneath the small redoubt whole corps retire,

To shun the carnage of incessant fire !

Experienc'd chiefs their evolutions try,

And reconnoitre with a critic's eye.

In them centres most important ends,—

The nation's destiny on them depends ;

Their country's confidence—the army's stay,
Attend the crisis of a single day ;
Some signal height, or inlet to the plain,
Decides the contest of a long campaign ;
And if confusion breaks the steady line,
Impedes th' attack, and mars the bold design,
Despair and impotence derange each plan,
And daunt th' intrepid glow from chief to man.
Long had our army prov'd a skilful band, ⁽¹³⁾
But Frederick's tactics rais'd her high command.
'Twas his delight t'improve the soldier's fare ; ⁽¹⁴⁾
The field, the barracks, own'd his gracious care ;
And courteous firmness in the martial school,
Expell'd the scourge for mercy's milder rule.
In vain my song attempts the woe-worn tale
Of batter'd citadel and ransack'd vale ;
In vain the soldier's anxious toils to show,
Who bought our peaceful boon with purple flow.
Let Holland, many a Briton's swampy grave, ⁽¹⁵⁾
Narrate the self-privations of the brave ;

With Gaul's conventional decrees, explain
The mingled perils of a fierce campaign.
Expos'd alike to infidel desire,
To rustics writhing with mistaken fire ;
Opposing numbers at the deep morass,
The woodland batt'ry and th' aquatic pass ;
Devoid of tents, devoid of needful stores,
As martyrs bleeding on perfidious shores ;
With Caledonia's chiefs and Erin's pride,
Our valiant corps more num'rous troops defied !
There, 'mid disease, 'mid war's concurrent woes,
Conflicting elements and vaunting foes,
The tentless Knight, the wounded soldier too,
In Frederick found a friend and champion true ;
A good Samaritan on danger's field,
To pain a solace, and distress a shield :
He lov'd his men, in vict'ry or defeat, ⁽¹⁶⁾
And smooth'd the suff'rings of a hard retreat ;
In scales of justice placed the hero's sword, ⁽¹⁷⁾
And honest merit met its due reward.

There is in man an aptness to evade ;
Procrastination mars the promise made ;
He hugs delay,—his fervid passions cool,
Till ardour sinks in dark oblivion's pool.
This Frederick scorn'd, his glowing breast
display'd
Its purest flame in friendship's hallow'd shade ;
His honour permanent, his purpose true,
As earth's pole firm, and staunch as ocean's blue!
When o'er profoundest skill disease prevail'd,
And fatal pangs his dying breast assail'd,
Behold him pleading at his Sov'reign's hand, ⁽¹⁸⁾
The well earn'd laurels of his vet'ran band ;
His last commands conferring worthy fame
On hearts that triumph'd in his bounteous name.
Hence shall the world of our allegiance sing,—
Of Brunswick's Princes, and of England's
King ;
For no enforcements so effective prove,
No legions guard like fealty and love.

Yon kind Asylum claims his fost'ring hand, (19)
Where blest Instruction leads her orphan band ;
As lovely Charity, in angel form,
Protects her offspring from affliction's storm.
There, smiling infants, taught to lisp his name,
Sustain'd in mercy's arms, their birthright claim.
The widow's heart there beam'd with joyous
light,—

Her soul rebounded o'er affliction's night ;
In Frederick's name a faithful friend she found,
A balm to solace each maternal wound.
From sheds of want, the genial spark he caught,
To graft aspiring views on youthful thought ;
And guard our nation with an active train,
That else had languish'd in mishap and pain.

But mark yon edifice that decks the dale, (20)
And rears her banner in the morning gale ;
Behold, with graceful step her polish'd line,
And trace the object of his grand design.

There science shines in juvenile resort,
Directs the tournament, and guards the fort ;
With mathematic skill her ranks extends,
And growing art from Error's shafts defends.
As o'er th' inspiring roll young warriors muse,
See emulation's budding beams diffuse ;
There Wolfe's exploits, there Marlborough's deeds
expand,
And Granby's feats allure yon bloomy band ;
There beams, perchance, a Moore his dawning
ray,
Or Nelson's pow'rs in ductile silence lay ;
Whilst Brunswick's courage cheers their short de-
bates,
And reminiscence youthful souls dilates.
Hence valour tow'rs, and future chiefs may
rise,
Reflecting lustre on the College prize ;
Dispensing wisdom with efficient hand,
The strength and glory of a warlike land.

Here let us pause, in contemplation's mood,
Resolve the evil and define the good.
Rather I'd sing of that delightful theme,
For ever placid as Sol's evening beam ;
When softest breezes o'er the mountain skim,
And not a surge disturbs the ocean's brim ;
When convoys, armaments, and martial toil,
Nor range the main, nor sap the fertile soil ;
When long-bound captives share a full release,
And nature rests in harmony and peace.
But if man's destinies abound in war,
If fleets and cities feel her cannons' roar ;
If Kings and peasants must endure her darts,
And sorrow mingle her redoubled smarts :
Whilst in the circuit of mundane affairs,
We see a hand that prospers or impairs ;
O may the agents of that dreadful rod,
Be men of talent in the fear of God !
With eagle eye, and arm of lion's might,
May Britain's soldiers wage their country's fight ;

And ev'ry bosom burn with pity's glow,
 To shield in mercy's arms each vanquish'd foe !
 Let savage nations callous rites ordain, ⁽²¹⁾
 And reckless tyrants mock the cries of pain ;
 Inflicting torments on the dying breast,
 Or dark'ning thralldom by inhuman test ;
 The gen'rous edicts of the " Soldier's Friend," ⁽²²⁾
 With British law magnanimously blend.
 The loyal bosom all that's base disdains,—
 Exulting not in agonizing pains ;
 But, nobly stooping, drops her conqu'ring shield,
 Bestowing succour o'er th' ensanguin'd field.

O would that love our Hero's mind display'd, ⁽²³⁾

Revive the duellist with heavenly aid ;
 To calm the rage of bacchanalian strife,
 And soothe the rash antagonists of life.
 As unanimity new strength imparts,
 And crowns the efforts of assembled hearts,—

So discord severs, and impairs the mind,
And mars the purport noblest views design'd.
With specious etiquette, and jealous ire,
Of honour reeking with malignant fire ;
Austere and frantic, spurning truth's reply, ⁽²⁴⁾
Men war with bubbles, and for nought they die ;
With lead or steel despoiling kindred blood,
That else had rallied in its country's good.
Expell'd from Eden's walls, ambitious man
Soon rais'd the spear that pierc'd his parent clan.
Hence murder's torrent stain'd the verdant earth,
And truth's first martyr bled for heav'n-born
worth.

But Eden's Judge aloud to vengeance call'd,
"Where is thy brother ?"—his heinous soul ap-
pall'd ;

The widow's tear, the tender orphan's cry,
Arraign'd his breast—transfix'd his glaring eye ;
Infernal terrors throng'd his sleepless gloom,—
His parents' grief, his own detested doom ;

His native vale obnoxious censures teem'd,
And all its loveliness a desert seem'd ;
Self-curs'd, he fled from ev'ry human face,—
But all his woe devolv'd on Adam's race.

Soldiers ! behold your chieftain, and esteem
That sympathetic, that exalted, gleam ;
That strength of soul his peaceful bosom
knew,
When by his dauntless front the bullet flew.
Behold a monument of high relief,
To grace a prelate or exalt a chief ;
The noblest test of military fame,
Then sank the soldier in the christian name ;
Then fire divine suppress'd the burning gall,
Disdaining to discharge resentment's ball.
If admiration fills your soaring heart,
Here let example all its force impart ;
And know, forgiveness is the bravest deed,
The Hero's richest plume and choicest meed.

Awake ! aspiring souls, awake to life !

My soaring theme with ardent purpose rife,

In conscious rectitude and humble zeal,

Now dares to glance at your eternal weal.

That sacred precept England's King express'd,

Your late Commander reverenc'd and caress'd.

Remember, he bestow'd that hallow'd line, ⁽²⁵⁾

Whose ev'ry letter beams with light divine ;

That claims your service, now your steps would
guide

To yon vast bourn past time's revolving tide ;

And points to glory in yon cloudless skies,

Where virtue only lives—where valour never
dies.

In wisest purpose nature firm imprest

The love of glory in the soldier's breast ;

Upheld by Hope, immortal reign it sways,—

Renown and courage form its deathless bays ;

For conquest, passing mines of sordid gold,

He braves the battle's heat and midnight's cold ;

His country calls—to danger's post he'll roam,
From nature's ties and all the bliss of home.
Thus courage reign'd in Brunswick's valiant mind,
Maturing all his Royal Sire design'd ;
Whilst sweet composure harmoniz'd his frame,
Connecting duty's call with friendship's name.
Who by ignoble aim his favour sought,
Knew not his standard of heroic thought ;—
His patriot fire above detraction soar'd,
In martial suit, or round the festive board ;
Ner crouching mien, nor adulation, drew
The firm approval of his nobler view.
Rear'd by parental care in life's pure dawn, ⁽²⁶⁾
To simplest pastime on the palace lawn ;
Where, in meridian light, experience shone,
And knowledge triumph'd in her heav'nly zone ;
Where truth and science fram'd th' enlighten'd plan,
And form'd in youth the faculties of man.
In fair routine our Royal Pupil train'd,
To feats of Enterprize and Rule attain'd ;

As intellectual growth might impulse yield,
To fill the Senate or command the field ;
To quell the rebel feud by manly force,
And give stability to valour's course.
No party spirit cramp'd his lib'ral hand,
The friend of Liberty on Freedom's land ;
His royal purpose shone with ceaseless ray,
Inclin'd to Glory's palm, and led the fearless
way.

Ye sage logicians, skill'd in virtue's strain,
Who shall this mighty meed of honour gain ?
Or what yon starry heights of glory climb,
Except the noblest thought, the true sublime?
Here dwells the impetus, where truth presides,
Which ev'ry principle of action guides ;
That gives perfection to each true design,
And aids mortality with strength divine :
Monarchs and Knights it leads in duty's way,—
'Twas Nelson's war-cry, Pitt's immortal lay ;

'Twas Frederick's solace, when, on life's retrace, ⁽²⁷⁾
He view'd the tenor of his public race ;
And lean'd on him whose shafts are tipp'd with
 love,
As resignation built his hopes above.
Bright emanations of a Father's soul,—⁽²⁸⁾
The valued Monarch of a long controul ;
From whose patrician worth, and guidance sage,
Our empire ranks in hist'ry's highest page.
But here my feeble powers more feeble prove,
To sing his worth, or pen his people's love ;
His glorious reign, with deepest int'rest charged,
Saw Europe freed, and distant pow'rs enlarged ;—
Saw tyrants humbled—demagogues subdued ;—
Saw traitors crush'd, with guiltless blood imbued :—
Saw Freedom's angel snap the Afric's chain,—
And true Religion spread her mighty main ;
Himself a paragon of light divine,
His dome a temple, and his throne a shrine !

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

SECTION 3.

THE ARGUMENT.

RETROSPECT of the French Revolution.—Usurpation of Napoleon Bonaparte.—Waterloo.—Peace obtained by the Allied Armies.—England's superior advantage in being exempt from the ravages and spoliation of war.—Tribute of the British Parliament to the Public Services of the Duke of York.—The National Monument intended for the Duke of York, under the auspices of His Grace the Duke of Wellington.—Contemplation on the enjoyment of Celestial Peace.—The Author vindicates the serious style of his subject.—Awful visitation of Death.—Human virtue dependent on Jehovah's mercy.—Lines of condolence to His Majesty.

COULD I review the darksome years of France, ⁽²⁹⁾
When faction forc'd the axe and led the dance ;
That nocent dance of anarchy and blood,
Of despots trampling on their country's good ;

With reckless bosoms scathing Prince and peer,
Whilst horror's furies raged in Robespierre.
Then reason's harpies rear'd her tott'ring pile,
Subverting order, governance, and style;
Then mercy wept—then justice, hopeless, sigh'd—
Religion sank in persecution's tide;
Truth's banner fell—her vot'ries mourn'd the day—
And martyrs rais'd to heav'n their dying lay!
O could the muse her plaintive pow'rs prolong,
And breathe new sympathies in sorrow's song;
Could all the energies of feeling dwell
In one shrill pipe, and grace one copious swell,—
The woes of France would hush its loudest strain,
And twice ten thousand echoes peal in vain!
Here may the muse that painful theme engage,
Of Bourbon's exile, and Napoleon's rage.
Expert in arms and democratic sway,
He hail'd the genius of that evil day;
Inflamed the fire of irreligious pride,
And flatter'd France with his presumptuous stride.

Subdu'd by secular and martial awe,
Devoted Rome his iron sceptre saw ;
And Egypt witness'd his unhallow'd tread,
As England mourn'd her Abercrombie dead.
Hispania too, the proud usurper's seat,
And Germany, their shameful wrongs repeat :
From Hamburg's vale to Moscow's burning plain,
Despoil and slaughter mark'd the tyrant's train.
Scarce had the husbandman his borders sown,
Or scarce the vine its vernal blossoms blown ;
The scatter'd fragments of the spoiler's hand,
O'errun by many a fierce and ruthless band ;
Scarce had the matron mourn'd her faithful lord,—
Or scarce affection's tear bedew'd his sword ;
When war's shrill clarion burst with fresh alarms,
And call'd the widow's hope, her son, to arms.
Shall Europe, then, th' emblazon'd trophy rear—
The matchless laurels of a long career—
For which our treasure and our blood combin'd,
And shall not Frederick's wreath be there entwin'd ?

From bounteous Nile to Rhine's contended shore,
His mandate calm'd the miseries of war ;
Th' emancipated world declares his fame,
And many a joyous home resounds his name.
See Waterloo ! her conquerors' chaplets grace, ⁽³⁰⁾
And thirty diadems with "Peace" enchase !
The peace of Europe ! O, delightful theme !
Could ever joy more universal gleam ?
Did ever cause such sov'reign strength obtain,
Or ever arms a brighter conquest gain ?
The widow'd hearts, that griev'd full twenty years ;
The captive's tortures, and the orphan's tears ;
That hateful enterprize which scourged the world,
And flags of tyranny and death unfurl'd ;
That barr'd the boon of heav'n's auspicious ray,
And chang'd th' autumnal morn to winter's day—
Conjoin'd the zeal of England's bold allies,
And peace and justice form'd their only prize.
Shall England, then, whose sacred soil remain'd
By usurpation and by blood unstain'd,

With cheerless gaze that threaten'd era trace
Which prov'd the valour of her true-born race ?
Whilst other lands the storm of pillage bore, (31)
Amid the ravage of incessant war ;
As Gallia's arms, with intermittent blaze,
In fury march'd, or paus'd in dubious maze !
By heav'n preserv'd when impious foes engaged,
And war's dire thunderbolts with faction raged ;
Can England fail t' attune her grateful pow'rs,
And sing of conquest in her peaceful hours ?
No, she adores the hand that vict'ry gave,—
That arm omnipotent to shield and save !
Remembrance holds her fleets, her armies, dear ;
Ascription consecrates her joyful tear,—
And faithful record stores each hero's name,
With him the chiefest in the ranks of fame.
See Britain's Senate his bright ensign raise, (32)
Of hearts unbiass'd by dependent praise ;
His peerless worth, by Liverpool express'd,
By Eldon honour'd, and by Peel caress'd ;

Whilst other hearts with loyal zeal expand,
That fought and bled within his brave com-
mand ;
That watch'd the splendour of his warlike ray,
From valour's dawn to fame's unsetting day ;
His noble brow with laurel wreath they crown,
And rear his cenotaph of just renown.
There, as Time's rolling tide sweeps States away,
Conquests revolve, and dynasties decay ;
As names, coeval on the world's wide list,
Forgotten die, or hated yet exist :
Remember'd only for some treach'rous deed,—
He lives in martial praise, and senatorial meed !

In brilliant characters, on golden leaves,
Britannia's worthies deck her vast archives.
The sculptur'd bust, th' equestrian statue, bears
Her hero's names above the wreck of years ;
Her royal domes excel in kingly bays,—
The civic mount her senators displays ;

Whilst knights and peers on various columns
shine,

Whose talents rare with mental worth combine.

But Wellington as grand a bust shall raise ⁽³³⁾

As Phœbus gilds in his diurnal blaze ;

Or ever yet the faithful chisel graced

That princely brow, on precious marble traced.

The Prince, the Hero, and the army's sire,

Shall grace the tablet of the nation's spire ;

Each vivid stroke that shade and glow imparts,

Shall beam its prototype in British hearts ;

And babes unborn shall lisp th' inscriptive line,

That years on years shall more illustrious shine.

But, O, beyond time's vain and fading bays,

Beyond the conqu'rer's badge, and breath of
praise ;

Amid th' enraptur'd scene of heav'n's employ,

May his pure soul empyreal bliss enjoy !

There war's proud din and pow'r's contending strife

Vent not defiance o'er the sea of life,—

But peace, celestial peace, her meekness sheds,
And o'er the truly brave her mantle spreads ;
Her song re-echoes in that blissful sky,
Devoid of clamour,—peace without a sigh,—
Where Zion's warriors palms of conquest bear,
Unbought by tyranny, by groan, or tear ;
Trophies and crowns, with heav'nly symbols
graced—

War's eagles fled, war's mottos all effaced ;
Where, 'neath the banner of the spotless dove,
The righteous enter by the watch-word—"Love."

Let polish'd deists mock this gloomy strain,
And shrewd polemic bards my theme disdain ;
I wage not faction with the learned throng,
Nor greet the volatile with syren song ;
In mythologic car unskill'd to soar,
I tune no anthem to the god of war ;
But higher strains my feeble essay sings,
And claims allegiance to the King of Kings.

Shall man's last enemy, and nature's grave, (34)
Warn not the eloquent, the gay, the brave ?
Here e'en the wisest and the purest pause,—
They who exemplify religion's laws,—
That mete the standard of devotion's flame,
Establish virtue and give vice its name.
Who fronts his shield at death's tremendous fight,
And braves the shock of dissolution's night !
When wisdom institutes her sacred trust,
Corrects the infidel, and proves the just ;
Impugn'd with guilt, and bow'd with mortal fear,
Compunction starts the penitential tear ;
And virtue's champions fetter'd captives prove,
Whom nought can ransom but Jehovah's love!

Ye who have mourn'd some tender brother's death,
Whose blessings blest you with life's parting
breath ;
Whose rosy energies with your's kept pace,
To youthful exercise and manly grace ;—

Ye who respond, in David's hallow'd strain,
"How are the mighty fall'n—the victors slain!
"War's barbed darts in death's dark valley
 marr'd,
"And glory's stoutest sons of life debarr'd:"
Now let the consecrated flame arise,
And mingle with your Sov'reign's kindred sighs.
Him, O ye seraph'd host, in heav'n's command,
With shelt'ring pinions and protecting hand,
From night's fell shafts of pestilence and woe,
And death's keen arrows that unceasing flow,—
From chequer'd ills, that man's frail life infest,
Defend, unhurt, his amaranthine breast.
The friend of kings, himself ordain'd to sway ⁽³⁵⁾
The brightest sceptre of imperial day;
His reign unparallel'd for Christian light,
Dispelling sorrow's gloom and error's night;
The world's proud boast on England's lovely
 shore,
Replete with science, liberty, and pow'r!

O, if the humble soul may meekly bend,
Almighty God, thine ear of mercy lend;
With thy peculiar grace our Sire preserve,
Exalt each thought, and brace each latent nerve;
Prolong his reign, and shield his crown above,
SECURE IN THY DEFENCE, AND BLEST IN BRITAIN'S
LOVE!

NOTES

TO THE

SOLDIER'S FRIEND; OR MEMORIALS OF BRUNSWICK.

NOTE 1, PAGE 4.

*Few Royal seats such mutual comfort knew,
As reign'd at Buckingham, and beam'd at Kew.*

BUCKINGHAM House, the town residence of her Majesty, and Kew Palace, the chief country resort and royal nursery of her august family, during many successive years, wore an aspect of serenity and domestic felicity unparalleled in the history of royal mansions. The first-fruits of each returning day were strictly devoted by their Majesties, to the duties of family worship. Early rising and the most simple regimen were amongst their choicest habits, and with due regard to the periods allotted by his Majesty to the transacting of public

business, the respective concerns of the family were proportionally regulated—with sacred punctuality the hours of infant education were faithfully observed, in which best of all parental employments, His Majesty took peculiar delight. Here, at the purest fountain of instruction, their tender and beloved offspring imbibed the fundamental principles of filial duty and fraternal love. Similar attention was also paid to the hours of recreation and innocent amusement;—established on the basis of true religion and morality, pure philanthropy pervaded the warmest exercises of the heart;—here indeed was a lesson for royalty, in which example formed the most prominent feature in the family of George the Third. Not a single object of distress, in the immediate precincts of the Palace or its vicinity, was allowed to pass without a patient hearing. *The fatherless and the widow were visited in their affliction*; the distressed classic and fugitive artist, were also kindly relieved; and all public institutions, whether for the extension of religion, the encouragement of literature or manufacture, the benefit of the houseless and afflicted, or the suppression of vice and immorality, were likewise liberally patronised and supported; and whilst her Majesty, and every branch of her royal house, cheerfully extended their individual influence for the public good, may it NEVER BE FORGOTTEN that George the Third, from his coronation to the year 1789, never expended less than £14,000 per year in charity! being very nearly one fourth of his income.

NOTE 2, PAGE 5.

As infant Alfred and Octavius fled.

Octavius, eighth son of his late Majesty, was born February 25, 1779, and died May 3, 1783: and Alfred his ninth and youngest son, was born September 22, 1780, and died August 20, 1782.

NOTE 3, PAGE 6.

He heard Amelia's prayer—"Remember me!"

Amelia, youngest daughter of their late Majesties, departed this life 2nd November, 1810, in the 28th year of her age, justly revered for her enlightened understanding and endearing disposition; her loss was universally deplored, but more particularly by all her illustrious relatives. During her long and severe malady, her venerable sire, though nearly blind, paid constant visits to her room,—frequently watched over her dying couch,—and with that solicitude with which a father pitieth his children, he administered religious consolation to his languishing and dear departing child. Let the peasant, who boasts of an Englishman's birthright, here behold the Monarch of his country pointing out to Amelia the vast importance of salvation through the Redeemer, as a subject far more interesting to both of them, than the most exalted honours and magnificence of royalty. But let those who have

painfully witnessed the chaste and solemn overflowings of gratitude evinced in the last hours of their beloved offspring, judge the conflicting feelings of our lamented Sovereign, when, without the least previous notice, the Princess, on one of his pious visits, summoning up all the remaining strength of an exhausted frame, contrived to place upon his finger a ring, which had been constructed according to her own directions, containing a small lock of her hair, enclosed under a crystal tablet surrounded with diamonds, repeating emphatically, at the same time, its sacred motto—"Remember me!" The death of the Princess soon after this event, relieved her from the painful sensation which must have ensued, had she known the serious shock which this filial circumstance produced on his Majesty's immediate relapse into that suspension of intellect, under which he had before so unhappily suffered, and which lamentable attack terminated only on his demise.

NOTE 4, PAGE 6.

Then fair Augusta fell, in life's full bloom.

The universal grief consequent on the death of her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales, consort of His Serene Highness Prince Leopold, which took place on the 5th November, 1817, is yet fresh in our memory; the remembrance of that most awful public visitation, extends to posterity her exalted character, and the quotation of her name, is of itself, the herald of

her many virtues. To a mind richly stored with the most enlarged ideas of general knowledge, were added the softer attributes of female excellence. Privileged in early life with the tuition of the Bishop of Exeter, and occasionally with that of the good Bishop Porteus, together with the frequent superintendence of her revered grandsire, she was firmly grounded in the scriptural principles of true religion, to which she bore ample testimony, when that critical and solemn period arrived, which bereaved England of a Princess, in whom was combined the acquirements of science and literature, the sacred attachments of affection and fidelity, with the immortal graces of piety, charity, and love. Cheerfully forsaking the fascinating round of Court engagements, whilst the whole empire, struck with the contemplation of her elevated mind, was anticipating her glory in that important station which she was not destined to adorn, she devoted her few but happy days, to the more captivating joys of conjugal felicity, enlivened by rural pastime in the delightful scenery of Claremont, and the unrestrained exercise of liberality and sympathy. Her Royal Highness was in the 22nd year of her age, and had been married only one year and six months.

NOTE 5, PAGE 6.

Next Royal Charlotte, Queen of virtue's light.

After supporting, with unimpeachable dignity, the important rank of Queen Consort of Great Britain for 57

years, this most illustrious ornament of female character departed this life, November 17, 1818. On reading a letter, addressed by her late Majesty, in the year 1760, to Frederick the Great, on the desolations which one of his recent victories had poured on the country of Mecklenburg—"This," exclaimed our late august Sovereign, "is the lady whom I shall secure for my consort; if the disposition of the Princess but equals her refined sense, I shall be the happiest man, as I hope with my people's concurrence, to be the happiest monarch, in Europe." The realization of His Majesty's virtuous hope is well known. If we trace the history of her Majesty, from leaving her native territories, August 7, 1761, to the day of her departure from mortality to immortal bliss, we behold at one view, the following unrivalled and lasting qualifications—a dignified regard to that correctness and decorum of deportment which constitutes the most refined and attractive ornament of her sex,—an unremitting watchfulness and anxiety in her attention to His Majesty's personal felicity, (of which he never lost sight, even during his severest affliction,)—with a tender, and indefatigable solicitude in the infancy of her children, shewing an unequalled example of maternal susceptibility, on which the blessing of Heaven was manifested in the gratitude and filial devotion of her royal offspring. She also cherished a hallowed regard for the soundest principles of religion and the constitution of England. Regular in the duties of christianity, and truly benevolent in all the acts of her

extensive munificence, she still lives in the hearts of her subjects, and future ages shall repeat her name with sacred veneration.

NOTE 6, PAGE 7.

Soon pious Edward bow'd to health's stern foe.

“Courage” says Sir Walter Scott, “is the unalterable family attribute of the House of Brunswick.” And perhaps the annals of history will not furnish a stronger proof of this assertion than was exemplified in the military life of His Royal Highness Prince Edward, Duke of Kent. In the expedition against the French West India Islands, in 1794, under the command of General Grey, His Royal Highness displayed the most intrepid determination to set an example of bravery to the troops, by soliciting and carrying into execution the most desperate exploits; unwearied not only with camp duties, but, in cases of assault and urgent necessity, we find him visiting the batteries, even during the hottest part of the bombardment,—leading on his men by affability and cool resolve, to the attack of almost impregnable fortifications, and carrying at the point of the bayonet, heights and positions surrounded only by difficulty and danger. But it was not in the career of enterprize alone we were led to admire his intrinsic worth; for during the latter part of his valuable life, we find him engaged, in the most sincere and unas-

suming manner, in promoting the interests of charity, education and religion. By patronage and individual exertion, His Royal Highness espoused the cause of more than twenty philanthropic institutions, and not only assisted them by personal inspection and corresponding influence, but stood forward on the stage of their public meetings to advocate, with his peculiar eloquence, the weighty claims of true religion and the uneducated poor. He was a warm benefactor to the Lancasterian system of education; and there is no doubt but the pious examples of his Royal Father, for whom he always expressed the greatest reverence, were seriously engrafted in all his Christian-like engagements. His Royal Highness died at Sidmouth, 23rd January 1820, in the 53rd year of his age, from a neglected cold, which it was supposed he caught by sitting in wet boots.

NOTE 7, PAGE 7.

*But scarce had England wept his passing bell,
When faithful George in death's embraces fell.*

Not only was George III., of blessed memory, faithful, both as a King and a parent, but it is well known that he viewed in the most solemn manner, his title of "Defender of the Faith." From adulation, especially in the pulpit, he turned with just indignation. To the clergy he gave admonition, that spiritual exhortation and purity of character would be the most effectual

means of dispensing the word of life in the church and in the world. And to every member of his household he gave a personal injunction, that no individual in his employ should persecute another on account of religion, on pain of dismissal,—“being determined,” he observed, “to defend the faith, at least in his own household.” His Majesty died 29th January, 1820, and was interred at Windsor, 16th February, four days after His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

NOTE 8, PAGE 8.

Belov'd and dignified Ulrica's name.

Her Royal Highness Frederica Charlotte Ulrica, eldest daughter of the late King of Prussia, died at Oatlands, 6th August, 1820, in the 54th year of her age, and agreeably to her own request, was interred in a small vault in Weybridge Church, prepared according to her directions, in preference to being laid in the royal mausoleum at Windsor. Being fond of retirement and horticultural amusements, and more attracted by rural scenery and simple manners than the gaieties of fashionable life, she mixed very little with the higher circle of her elevated rank. To the canine and the feathered species she was particularly watchful and tender, in protecting them and their young ones from molestation. The collecting of shells and fossils considerably engaged her attention, and she constructed one of the finest grottos in England, upon which was expended about £12,000. But possessing a kind and liberal heart, alive to all the

sympathies of nature, she devoted her time chiefly to charitable purposes. Her royal highness was patroness to the British Lying-In Hospital for married women, also to the Westminster Lying-In Hospital. In London, she had a great many pensioners, of both sexes, whom she allowed from £5. to £20. per annum.

But to the poor in the vicinity of her country residence, she was indefatigably attentive. All the children of the neighbourhood who stood in need, she considered as belonging to her own household. By her they were clothed, fed, and educated; and as they grew up, the boys were put out as apprentices, and the girls either received as domestics in her own family or provided with suitable situations. To the most deserving she gave small dowries, and such continued encouragement, that the surrounding hamlets displayed a great number of cottages, tenanted by her adopted children. Her royal highness also founded and generously supported two Benefit Societies, in aid of the labouring classes. Affable and courteous in all her deportment, her hand never shrunk from doing good, her ear never turned from the tale of sorrow, but the blessing of the needy followed her to her grave, and the voice of grateful lamentation breathed her requiem of departed worth.

NOTE 9, PAGE 8.

Behold our King immured in sorrow's night.

The affectionate sympathy evinced by His Majesty, during his royal brother's protracted illness, together

with the mutual regard of their illustrious relatives, must ever endear them in the page of history. This kind attention was duly appreciated by his late Royal Highness, who eagerly embraced every opportunity of testifying, to use his own words, "his affectionate duty to the King." Nearly equal in age, they had both naturally imbibed in their own happy domestic circle, sentiments alike pleasing and congenial; in that native element of social intercourse, nurtured by kind and indulgent parents, their infant hearts were united in brotherly affection, that warmed the bolder current of manly vigour, and cheered the evening of declining years.

NOTE 10, PAGE 9.

The Soldier's Friend, the hapless Orphan's Sire.

"His incredible devotion to his official duties—his superintending care over the conduct of the officers, and the comfort of the private soldiers—his impartiality in the reward of merit—and his inflexible adherence to what he conceived to be his duty, were the sources of incalculable benefits to the army. The urbanity of manners, also, which distinguished the Royal Duke—his unaffected benevolence—his condescension to the claims of the humblest suppliant—his willing remembrance of the worn-out veteran—his kindness to the widow and the orphan—and the unnumbered acts of tenderness and pity which distinguished him, excited general regard, and procured for his Royal Highness the simple, but affecting title of—*The Soldier's Friend*, an eulogium which speaks to every heart."—*The Rev. Daniel Wilson's Funeral Sermon on His Royal Highness the Duke of York.*

NOTE 11, PAGE 11.

If courage glows, if Charity has charms.

The immutable courage, intelligence, and military talent displayed by His Royal Highness in the Netherlands, at the commencement of the French Revolution, together with his general vivacity in leading on and inspiring his troops to deeds of conquest, furnish ample demonstration of his intrepid and persevering mind. His well known firmness too in matters of political moment, connected with the important interests of the State, will also testify his devoted principles of rectitude and official consistency; and whilst we contemplate with admiration his uniform liberality, with regard to those who differed from him in their religious or political creed—also his impartial distribution of promotion—we behold him likewise with veneration in the Senate, as the fearless champion of our invaluable Constitution, breathing, with energy, the unchangeable determination of true principle and solid worth.

But let us view him in the full and still wider circle of charity and princely munificence.

“Numerous are the calls upon the leading characters of this country, to afford their aid in giving effect to the spirit of benevolence, so warmly diffused in the cause of so much substantial good in this united kingdom. But as the seat of empire is likewise the source and spring of action, and of necessity produces more extensive claims, the presence and support of an illustrious personage in the cause of humanity, gives a tone to public feeling; and the example is so congenial, that charity herself appears, under such

auspices, more amiable and interesting, more imposing and heavenly. Under this head need I bring to your recollection, that on every public and proper occasion, and at the numerous and multiplied associations of the noble, the opulent, the respectable, the whole society of the excellent and humane, for the purpose of opening and supplying the streams of Charity and Mercy, so ready to flow and diverge, in all directions, in this great metropolis, and to circulate throughout the empire, for the solace and relief of the distressed and deserving, our departed but ever-to-be remembered and venerated Royal Prince came cagerly forward, in order to dignify by his liberal support, and to extend by his countenance, favour, and protection, those generous principles of philanthropy, which link mankind together, by ties of mutual affection, and hold society close by the triple cord of unanimity, friendship, and esteem.”

The following is a list of some of the Public Charitable Institutions, principally patronised by His Royal Highness.

THE LOCK HOSPITAL, or Asylum for unfortunate and destitute females, to which 500 individuals were admitted from July 1787, to April 1809.

THE GENERAL LYING-IN HOSPITAL, Bridge Street, Lambeth.

THE LONDON INFIRMARY.

THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER INFIRMARY, for diseases of the Eye, Mary-le-bone Street, Picadilly.

THE WEST LONDON and LYING-IN INSTITUTION, Charing Cross.

THE LONDON DISPENSARY, Artillery Street.

THE NEW RUPTURE SOCIETY.

THE REFUGE for the DESTITUTE—A receptacle for persons discharged from Prisons or Hulks, and unhappy and deserted Females.

The BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for delivering poor married Women at their own habitations.

The SMALL POX and INOCULATION HOSPITALS.

The ROYAL JENNERIAN SOCIETY.

The PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY, for clothing and educating the sons of Clergymen, Naval and Military Officers, reduced Tradesmen, &c.

The PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY, St. George's Fields. This Society seeks Children in the most miserable haunts of the Metropolis; and drawing them from the beds of contamination and vice, trains them up to be useful members of the community; thus strengthening and enriching the State, from sources of poverty and human degradation.

The Corporation of the CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

The FREEMASONS' CHARITY, for Female Children, St. George's Fields, instituted to preserve the female offspring of indigent Freemasons, from the dangers and misfortunes to which a distressed situation naturally exposes them. Of this society His late Royal Highness was joint patron with His Majesty. His Royal Highness was also a liberal benefactor to the WESTMINSTER NATIONAL SCHOOL, established for 1000 Children, in 1814.

NOTE 12, PAGE 11.

And forty years his growing worth disclose.

“There have perhaps been but few princes of the Royal Family, who have more laboured to advance the interests of their country,

than the lamented personage whose death we now deplore. A British officer for forty-seven years; and for above thirty of them, the commander-in-chief of our military forces. His Royal Highness was the means of introducing so important a reform into the various branches of the service, that much of the glory of our arms, the security of our institutions, and the success of the arduous struggle in which we were engaged, may be traced, under God's blessing, to his exertions."—*Rev. D. Wilson's Funeral Sermon on His Royal Highness the Duke of York.*

NOTE 13, PAGE 14.

Long had our army proved a skilful band.

"The means of improving the tactics of the British army, did not escape his Royal Highness's sedulous care and attention. Formerly every commanding officer manœuvred his regiment after his own fashion; and if a brigade of troops were brought together, it was very doubtful whether they could execute any one combined movement, and almost certain that they could not execute the various parts of it on the same principle. This was remedied by the system of regulations compiled by the late Sir David Dundas, and which obtained the sanction and the countenance of his Royal Highness. This one circumstance of giving a uniform principle and mode of working to the different bodies, which are, after all, but parts of the same great machine, was in itself one of the most distinguished services which could be rendered to a national army; and it is only surprising that, before it was introduced, the British army was able to execute any combined movements at all."—*Sir Walter Scott's Memoir of His Royal Highness the Duke of York.*

"The merit of rescuing the army from its impaired condition; of improving, establishing, and maintaining its system; of introducing that administration of it in principle and in every detail, which has raised the character of the British service, and promoted its effi-

ciency, belongs exclusively to his late Royal Highness. The work was progressive, but his attention to it, his able superintendence of it, were constant. He guided and directed the labours of those subordinate to him; their task was executive. He gave the impulse to the whole machinery, and kept the wheels in motion, and to him, I repeat it, the credit was due."—*Narrative of the last illness of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, by Sir H. Taylor.*

NOTE 14, PAGE 14.

'Twas his delight t' improve the soldier's fare.

From the elevated ground of scientific excursion in the field, our late beloved Commander in Chief minutely explored every trace of embarrassment and disability under which the brave army, entrusted to his guidance, evidently suffered. Proceeding with systematic deliberation, he was enabled to reform completely considerable abuses, many of which, alas! were of long standing. The improper sale of commissions to school-boys and cradled infants, his firmness radically abolished. The Commissary Department was duly inspected and regulated; the necessary equipments for march and attack were made as light and portable as possible; whilst the old-fashioned uniform which ill befitted the activity required in actual combat, was soon exchanged for one much lighter and more reduceable to military movements. The pay of the soldier too was augmented, and its respective disbursements regularly disposed in making every necessary

provision for the comfort and convenience of the army in general. But this was not all ; that most degrading of all punishments to the British soldier, the scourge, received nearly a total abolition during the matchless command of His Royal Highness. In the barracks and hospitals too, his benign influence diffused the blessings of order and cleanliness, which beamed forth in rays of rosy health and vigour, along the British lines ; and as regularity and discipline flourished, so intelligence, activity, and faithfulness, added strength to the citadel, and crowned the exercises of the field with glory.

NOTE 15, PAGE 14.

*Let Holland, many a Briton's swampy grave,
Narrate the self-privations of the brave.*

The campaigns in Holland, memorable, alas ! for the unequalled combat in which the allied armies were engaged, in checking the tyranny of the French republicans, afforded full scope for the courage, zeal, and talent of His Royal Highness the Duke of York. So infatuated were the Dutch plebeians with the revolutionary spirit of their invaders, and so mistaken as to the real intention of the English, that our brave countrymen were continually insulted with the grossest and most inhuman treatment, from those men whose battles they had been fighting under numerous and prodigious disadvantages. Language cannot detail the

horrors and perils of those campaigns. Harrassed with the inclemency of a cold and wet climate,—charging the enemy in bogs and dikes—fighting up to the knees in water stained with human blood—exposed by day, and wholly unsheltered at night, seeking covert in woods, ruins, or sand holes—frequently disappointed of their supplies, and destitute of food for 50 or 60 hours together—surrounded too by enemies whose numbers repeated defeat and slaughter seemed scarcely to diminish, acting under the bloody decrees of the French National Convention, in 1794, when France, a prey to despotism and anarchy, is said to have resembled an enormous arsenal, boasting of having one million and a half of armed men, fit for action. When war, with all its concomitants, seemed to be the only employment of that nation,—for the furtherance of which the city of Paris alone supplied 300 forges, and 15 foundries, which furnished 11,500 stand of arms, and 1,100 pieces of ordnance per month,—none but British troops, or troops possessing a similar loyal and courageous spirit, could have braved such trials of enterprize and danger. But, be it remembered, they fought under a Prince, whose presence gave vigour to the most hazardous attack. He presided at their counsels;—he led them by day, and watched over them by night;—and whilst the wounded and the dying poured blessings on his name, the widow and the orphan cast their sorrows at his feet, and even the voice of England's foes proclaimed the honour of his noble mind.

NOTE 16, PAGE 15.

He lov'd his men in vict'ry or defeat.

That inhuman junta of demagogues, the French National Convention, on finding that, contrary to their expectation, the Duke of York's army had retreated from Dunkirk without much loss, in the usual frenzy of their brutal proceedings, ordered General Houchard up to Paris; and because he had not extirpated the allied forces, he was tried and condemned, on some frivolous charges, to that hateful engine of revolutionary vengeance, the guillotine. The very reverse to such ungrateful treatment was the whole conduct of the Duke of York. Confirmed in the faith and valour of his men, all the succour which existing circumstances would allow, was at all times impartially bestowed. If the trumpet sounded to victory, the just tribute of glory waved its towering ensign;—and if defeat and disaster attended their undaunted efforts, the same princely favour and due consideration evinced his wonted sympathy and regard. A letter, dated Tournay, May 10, 1793, written by Captain Hewgill, of the Coldstream regiment, to inform the wife of Serjeant-Major Darley, that her husband was severely wounded and taken prisoner, concludes with these pious and impressive words:—"All our prayers attend this valuable man, and I have authority to say from the Commander-in-Chief, that *he will never forget him.*"

NOTE 17, PAGE 15.

In scales of justice placed the Hero's sword.

In no class of society is preferment and honour so conspicuously displayed as in the army. The attainment of glory by loyalty and zeal, seems naturally interwoven with the true spirit of patriotism; and emulation discreetly regulated, becomes the auxiliary of courage and stamina of action. And who but a tyrant of the most brutal cast, would deprive the sons of valour of their just reward?—for, without hope, even the gradations of private life would lose their common interest, and timid drooping mortals sink into inertion and despair.

The Duke of York's judicious and impartial administration of promotion, during the 32 years of his chief command, was fully and admirably detailed by Mr. Peel, in the House of Commons, 13th February, 1827.

NOTE 18, PAGE 16.

*Behold him pleading at his Sovereign's hand,
The well-earn'd laurels of his vet'ran band.*

According to Sir Herbert Taylor's interesting account, the promotion of the old subalterns who were unable to purchase commissions, had a long time been the object of His Royal Highness's solicitude; but, owing to impediments, was not accomplished until the 27th December, 1827, when, on His Majesty's visit to the Duke, Sir Herbert Taylor was directed to submit the details, which then obtained the royal signature; and the communi-

cation of His Majesty's gracious approbation was received by His Royal Highness with a warm expression of satisfaction. Thus, under the influence of extreme bodily suffering, this truly benevolent design was only executed nine days prior to His Royal Highness's demise.

NOTE 19, PAGE 17.

Yon kind Asylum claims his fost'ring hand.

One of the most interesting objects of His Royal Highness's truly philanthropic spirit was, the establishment of the Royal Military Asylum—a magnificent new building, upon an extensive scale, situate below Sloane Square, Chelsea; which was opened in 1803, for the sole purpose of educating and providing for the children of non-commissioned officers and soldiers; for the support of which Parliament issues an annual grant. It now contains 1000 boys, its limited number. They are admitted at the age of five years; and, under peculiar circumstances, even infants are also received. They are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic to a certain extent; are also instructed to make their own clothes, caps, and shoes; and are fed, clothed, and educated, until they attain the age of 14 years, when they either volunteer to serve in the army or are apprenticed to trades, at the option of themselves or their friends. From the foundation of this institution to the present period, upwards of 6000 boys have participated of its benefits.

There is also a branch of this Asylum at Southampton, for 400 girls and 50 infants, who are maintained and educated until they attain the age of 15 years, when they are put out as domestic servants. The infant department of this establishment was formerly at the Isle of Wight. Here, then, is an unfading garland for the Soldier's Friend, from whose merciful disposition this humane institution derives its origin; and where, "during the miseries of war, there were, at one time, 250 infants at the breast, which were taken care of and sustained in the arms of charity!"

NOTE 20, PAGE 17.

But mark yon Edifice that decks the dale.

The chief continental powers of Europe had long been furnished with public military seminaries, where the respective candidates for martial honours were systematically trained to those studies peculiarly adapted to that profession. But until the year 1799, England was destitute of such a desideratum; and it remained for our late illustrious Commander-in-Chief, who had, in early life, practically witnessed the advantages derived from the military school at Brunswick, to suggest and establish an institution on liberal principles, whose various tuition and exercises should embrace the important studies and rules of discipline essentially necessary in forming a military genius capable of com-

peting with a powerful and experienced enemy. To attain this desirable object, the Royal Military College was formed in 1802, under the auspices of His late Royal Highness the Duke of York, with the sanction of His Majesty and the approbation of Parliament; previous to this there was an institution at High Wycombe, for the instruction of 30 officers who had served some time in the army, and who wished to qualify themselves for staff employments. They studied the various branches of military education, viz. military plan-drawing and surveying, fortification, mathematics, &c. The superintendent of this institution was General Le Merchant, assisted by General Jarry, in 1799.

The Royal Military College was first founded at Great Marlow, in 1802, for the education of gentlemen cadets; and in October, 1812, the present splendid and extensive building at Sandhurst, Berks, was opened; at which time, the senior department was removed to Farnham; and in 1820 the two establishments were united in the same building, and have continued so ever since. The College itself is a magnificent building of free stone, two storied, with a ground floor. The grand entrance is a fine specimen of architecture, being a portico supported upon eight fluted Doric columns, and ascended by a flight of broad steps. There are also handsome and capacious wings connected to the main building by very handsome colonnades, and on their extremities are two other similar colonnades connecting the house of the lieut.-governor and the hospital with the wings;—the houses of the paymaster and surgeon, situated at about 100 yards from each extremity of the building,

are connected to it by a semicircular wall, which makes the College altogether present a front of nearly 460 yards. In the rear of the College, and connected with it, is a square, the remotest side of which is formed by a riding school, in which the cadets, and also those officers of the senior department who desire it, are taught riding, under the direction of Captain Chadwick. There is always a detachment of cavalry, consisting of one serjeant, a corporal, and twelve privates, and twenty four horses furnished by the regiment quartered at Hounslow, who are placed under the command of Captain C., an able and experienced cavalry officer, and excellent riding master ; the rest of the square is appropriated to quarters for the major, captains of companies, chaplain, adjutant, &c. On an eminence adjoining is an observatory, under the charge of that able and experienced mathematician, Mr. Narien ; and also a star fort, upon which is the flag staff. The professors, and officers of the senior department, occupy a neat range of 13 double houses, near to and overlooking the high road between London and Southampton. The house of the governor is a commodious mansion, situated to the right front of the College, and is surrounded by grounds beautifully laid out and planted.

The origin of this College was principally as a means of education for the sons of officers, intended for the military profession, but more particularly for the sons of those officers who had died in the service of their country. They here received an education well calculated for the profession of arms, and were also clothed for nothing ; even their books and mathematical

instruments were furnished. The sons of those officers who were still in the service, paid an annual sum proportionate to the rank held by their parents. It used formerly to be 10*l.* per annum for a subaltern, 20*l.* for a captain, and increasing 10*l.* for each rank ; but it has since been found requisite to raise it. Those private gentlemen who intended their sons for the army, and wished to give them the benefit of a military education, were obliged to pay 125*l.* per annum. Thus were these officers who had died nobly defending their country, and also those still serving their country, by being enabled to educate their children—the former gratuitously, and the latter at a comparatively trifling expense—rewarded in a manner well worthy of their munificent patron, and worthy of the country for whom those officers had so nobly fought and bled. The College is calculated to contain, in time of war, 412 cadets, divided into four companies, commanded each by a captain ; in addition to which there is also a governor, (Sir J. Paget, who has lost an arm in his country's service), a lieut.-governor (Colonel Butler, who has held the present situation since its first formation), a major (Lieut.-Colonel Mc Dermott) four captains of companies, one adjutant, one quarter master, chaplain, surgeon, assistant surgeon, and pay master. At present, the establishment does not consist of more than 170 cadets, divided into three companies ; one having been lately reduced. The studies principally consist of mathematics, fortification, military plan-drawing, and surveying ; French, German, and Latin ;—they are also taught riding and gymnastic exercises.—and are likewise drilled,

—being formed into a small battalion—by which means they become acquainted with the manual and platoon exercises, and the movements of a regiment. There are a number of serjeants who, as a reward for their services, are placed here for the purpose of instructing the cadets in the first principles of drill; and it makes a comfortable retirement for them; most of them being married men. In front of the College is an esplanade, sloping gradually towards a small lake, on which are two prettily wooded islands, on one of which is a commodious boat house, where are kept four very handsome ten oared boats for the cadets, one for each company, in which they enjoy the amusement of rowing in summer time.

The situation of the College has been well chosen, there being fewer healthier spots in the kingdom. It is about 30 miles from London, close to the high road leading from thence to Southampton.

NOTE 21, PAGE 20.

Let savage nations callous rites ordain.

NOTE 22, PAGE 20.

The gen'rous edict of the Soldier's Friend.

The annals of uncivilized nations do not exhibit more savage conduct, than was exercised by the French, during the early part of the late revolution; when the Convention peremptorily ordered the armies of the Republic to show no quarters to the British or Hanoverian

troops, whom they maliciously designated the slaves of George, the most atrocious of tyrants. An Officer in the Guards states, that in the campaign of 1794, an advanced battalion of the French, upon the approach of the British cavalry, threw down their arms, and demanded quarter, which was instantly granted; but no sooner had the squadrons left them, to attack the main body, than they loaded their pieces, and fired upon their generous conquerors. But when the Duke of York heard of the above murderous decree, he immediately caused general orders to be read, at the head of his army, to the following effect:

“His Royal Highness the Duke of York thinks it incumbent on him to announce to the British and Hanoverian troops, under his command, that the National Convention of France, pursuing the gradation of crimes and horrors, which has distinguished the period of its government as the most calamitous of any that has occurred in the history of the world, has just passed a decree, that their soldiers shall give no quarter to the British or Hanoverian troops. His Royal Highness anticipates the indignation and horror which has naturally arisen in the minds of the brave troops whom he now addresses, upon receiving this information. His Royal Highness desires, however, to remind them, that mercy to the vanquished is the brightest gem in a soldier's character; and exhorts them not to suffer their resentment to lead them to any precipitate act of cruelty on their part, which may sully the reputation they have acquired in the world.”

NOTE 23, PAGE 20.

*O would that love our Hero's mind displayed,
Revive the duellist with heav'nly aid.*

NOTE 24, PAGE 21.

*Austere and frantic, spurning truth's reply,
Men war with bubbles, and for nought they die.*

When His Royal Highness the Duke of York condescended to accept a challenge from Lieut.-Col. Lennox, it was agreed at their meeting, on the 27th May, 1789, that both parties should fire on the signal given; Col. Lennox, therefore, fired, and the ball grazed His Royal Highness's curl; but the Duke of York did not fire,—and though pressed by his antagonist, he nobly refused, saying, “He had come out to give Lieut.-Col. Lennox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him; if Lieut.-Col. Lennox was not satisfied, he might fire again.” This most excellent example of the Duke was highly complimented by the Bishop of Landaff, in a letter addressed to Lord Rawdon, His Royal Highness's second.

By the law of England, deliberate duelling is considered murder, both as to the principals and seconds; and by the 9th Ann, cap. 14, a challenge sent on account of money lost at gaming, subjects both the sender and bearer to fine and imprisonment. In Scotland, the engaging in a duel is a capital offence, whether any of the parties do or do not suffer thereby. Similar to this is the bill recently passed in the United States of America. Louis XIV. considerably suppressed duelling in France. Happily for the world, the establishment of tribunals of honour on the continent, has materially reduced the number of personal combats. It has long been lamented that the established code of honour, to which military men are subject, is particularly oppres-

sive, in compelling them to accept of every challenge, on pain of being branded with cowardice : but let the insulted soldier appeal to his late beloved Commander-in-Chief, who, to show his utter detestation of such a degrading custom, exclaimed—“ *Rest assured, General, there is no honour in killing a fellow-creature in a private quarrel.*”

NOTE 25, PAGE 23.

Remember, he bestowed that hallowed line.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York was patron of the Naval and Military Bible Society, established in 1780 ; and, a few years since, drew up a code of regulations for the commanding Officers, to form depôts of bibles, testaments, and other religious books, for the use of each regiment—enjoining a half-yearly inspection—the bible being made a necessary part of every soldier's equipment ; in consequence of which, the number of bibles and testaments issued from the above society only to the army, in 1825, amounted to 175,000 copies.

NOTE 26, PAGE 24.

Reared by parental care in life's pure dawn.

The education of His Royal Highness, in conjunction with that of his present Majesty, was confided to the care of the Earl of Holderness and Dr. Markham, of Westminster school, who were succeeded by the Duke of Montague and the Bishop of Lichfield. Eight hours a day were devoted to their regular studies ; but notwithstanding their progress was confidently placed in such

able hands, the general plan of their studies was digested by their Royal Father, who assiduously watched over their gradual acquirements, and most anxiously kept from them all books and individuals of a questionable character.

NOTE 27, PAGE 26.

*'Twas Frederick's solace, when, on life's retrace,
He viewed the tenor of his public race.*

After a long public life, on which the full beam of martial glory still reflected with perennial lustre, we behold the courageous warrior a captive on the couch of pain, in the solemn chamber of death; there, with christian humility, before his Almighty Judge, this illustrious Prince of Brunswick, with meekness and sincerity, unbosomed himself to his faithful friend and servant, Sir Herbert Taylor, in the following words:—
“God's will be done! I am not afraid of dying; I trust I have done my duty; I have endeavoured to do so. I know that my faults have been many, but God is merciful; his ways are inscrutable; I bow with submission to his will.”

NOTE 28, PAGE 26.

*Bright emanations of a Father's soul,
The valued Monarch of a long controul.*

George the Third was the pastor of his own family; and to the latest lucid period of his existence, a most admirable pattern of piety, fortitude, and love. Encouraged from the throne, his reign exhibited an important march of intellect, in which the fine arts rose to an altitude before unknown. Exclusive of minor

productions, an immense number of works of standard merit were published ; and whilst science, commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, kept pace with other general improvements, it is asserted from respectable authority, that a greater number of institutions for the promotion of religion and knowledge, and the relief of human distress, were established during the reign and under the encouragement of his late Majesty, than in the whole lapse of time since the commencement of the Christian era.

NOTE 29, PAGE 27.

Could I review the darksome years of France.

The intolerant spirit of jacobinism and infidelity in France, was several years sapping the root of monarchy and religion,—till, at length, sunk in the scale of moral degradation, to the absolute abandonment of every sacred ordinance, the common precepts of humanity yielded to oppression and ferocity, and the effusion of blood became alike familiar to the citizen and the warrior. Ruled by a fatally divided assembly consisting of 2256 members, tossed to and fro on the troubled ocean of political combat, internal havoc presaged the lowering tempest, till anarchy predominated in the capital, and transfused its baneful effects through every province of a populous warlike nation. Pamphlets and political journals teemed by hundreds, weekly, from the printing presses of Paris, till open rebellion stormed the portals of the Thuilleries, and the standard of royalty bowed to the republican *red cap*; then the tocsin sounded *to arms! to arms!* the foundations of

Paris shook us with an earthquake,—and vengeance, horror, and unheard-of massacres commenced the tyranny of *revolutionary freedom!!!*

NOTE 30, PAGE 30.

*See Waterloo! her conquerors' chaplets grace,
And thirty diadems with "Peace" enchase!*

When the Duke of Wellington, on his return from Paris, in 1815, returned thanks to the House of Commons for the liberal support he had received from the government during his arduous struggle for the liberty of Europe, he stated, in so impressive a manner, the assiduity and vigilance of the Duke of York, in dispatching the supplies and reinforcements, which enabled the British armies, in conjunction with those of Prussia and Russia, to effect that ever-memorable event, that the House immediately passed a unanimous vote of thanks to his Royal Highness for his unremitting attention to the duties of his office.

NOTE 31, PAGE 31.

Whilst other lands the storm of pillage bore.

In 1791, the population of France was estimated at 24,000,000; but, in 1795, after her conquests in Germany and the Netherlands, the numerical strength of the republic was computed at 37,000,000 of souls; having, in only seventeen months, conquered 116 strong cities; after which, the Gallic forces maintained the campaigns of twenty years, and extended the seat of war to the territories of all their foes, Great Britain only excepted,

NOTE 32, PAGE 31.

See Britain's Senate his bright ensign raise.

On moving an address of condolence to His Majesty, on the death of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, the Earl of Liverpool declared, that the Duke, in *his long public life, had never broken a promise, nor ever deserted a friend*;—and Mr. Peel, in the House of Commons, stated, that during a period of ten thousand days, His Royal Highness had never suffered one day to pass without devoting some part of it to his official duties.

NOTE 33, PAGE 33.

But Wellington as grand a bust shall raise.

On the 26th February, 1827, a meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, London, consisting of nobility, Church dignitaries, Officers of State, and Members of Parliament, for the purpose of erecting a national monument to the late Commander-in-Chief—His Grace the Duke of Wellington in the chair—when the sum of 4000*l.* was immediately subscribed; which sum is now augmented to 18,907*l.* 5*s.* 1¼*d.*

NOTE 34, PAGE 35.

*Shall man's last enemy and nature's grave,
Warn not the eloquent, the gay, the brave?*

As soon as Sir Herbert Taylor had fulfilled his important trust, by informing the Duke of York that His

Royal Highness's physicians apprehended his case to be dangerous, the Duke evinced his satisfaction that the communication, which he had earnestly solicited, prevented him from being taken by surprise on so momentous a subject. To the Bishop of London, he observed, "that he had, in the course of his life, faced death in various shapes, and was now doomed to view its approach in a slow and lingering form." He then manifested his hope of mercy through his Redeemer; beseeching the Bishop not only to receive his confession of unworthiness but to administer that comfort which his situation required.—*Vide Sir H. Taylor's Narrative of the Duke's last Illness, page 25.*

NOTE 35, PAGE 36.

The friend of Kings.

When Louis the 18th was introduced into the English capital, by his present Majesty, on the 20th April, 1814, he was received at Grillon's Hotel, in Albemarle-Street, by about one hundred of the French nobility. On entering the room, the King, turning to the Prince Regent, addressed him in the following manner—"I want words to express the sentiments of gratitude with which I am deeply penetrated. To you, Sir, I owe every thing; my life, even my daily bread; and what is more, the restoration of myself and family to our beloved country, and to the throne of our ancestors."

FINIS.

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